

PDC

CRIME

No. 45

10¢ DOES NOT PAY

**ALL
TRUE**
CRIME
STORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

A
FULL
68
PAGE
Magazine

IN HEAVEN'S
NAME DON'T,
NICK!! THERE'S NO
ONE IN THAT
CLOSET!



BIRO

LEV GLEASON
INTEGRITY
PUBLICATIONS



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THE TRUE STORY OF *John* **DILLINGER**

NO. 116—

THAT WAS THE MORGUE NUMBER OF **JOHN DILLINGER**, ONE-TIME PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE! HE RODE THE TRAIN OF CRIME TO THE BITTER END...AND FINISHED AS ALL BEFORE HIM HAVE...A TAG NUMBER IN A **MORGUE!** THE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH BODY THAT MONTH TO BE EXACT!

No. 116
Name: JOHN DILLINGER

YES, THAT'S MY JOHNNIE LYING THERE! HE LED THE POLICE A MERRY CHASE BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!

CRIME

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"MY INDIANA FARM BOY BEGAN EARLY IN THE MIDDLE WEST!"

BANKS AREN'T TOUGH AS LONG AS WE HAVE A GOOD ORGANIZATION!

YEAH, DILLINGER, BUT OTHER MUGS HAVE TRIED CRACKING 'EM AND ENDED UP POUNDING A CELL BEAT!



OTHER GUYS HAVEN'T HAD ME TO HANDLE 'EM! I KNOW THE TECHNIQUE!

IZZAT SO! WHERE'D YOU PICK UP THE SLANT, DILLINGER, IN YER DAY DREAMS?



REARDON, YOU'RE A PRETTY SMART APPLE, AREN'TCHA...LIKE TO STAND AROUND AND CHOP YOUR NAILS OFF?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



NOTHING, IF YOU KEEP YER TRAP SHUT—GET ME?

YEOW!



NOW IF EVERYONE IS READY! I'LL EXPLAIN HOW WE'RE GONNA CRACK THESE BANKS!

YEAH, YEAH, SURE, DILLINGER! I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING! JUST KIDDIN' HEH, HEH, HEH!



"MY JOHNNIE OUTLINED HIS PLANS! KEEN, CLEVER AND DIABOLICALLY DARING!"

SO THAT'S THE SET-UP! NOW GET READY! WE START WORK TOMORROW!

WOW, THAT'S HOT STUFF!

HEY, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING! I BET YOU CAN SWING IT!



"THE MOB WAS WITH HIM...JUSTICE WAS SOON TO HAVE A SEVERE TEST!"

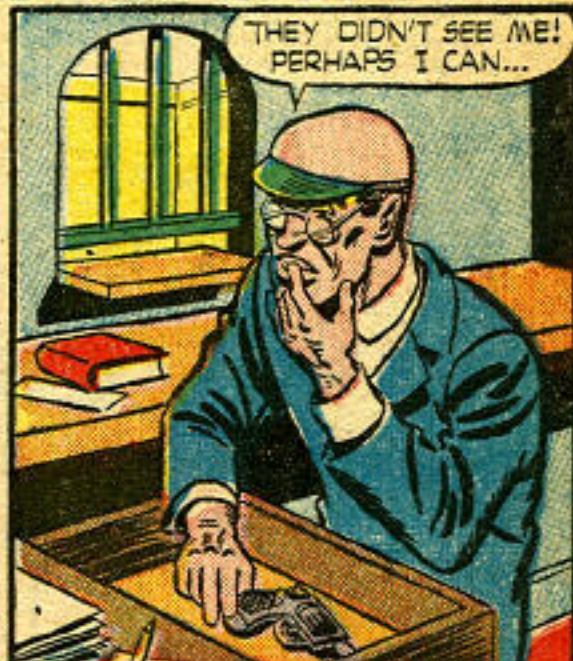
REMEMBER, GUYS, WHEN WE HIT THE BANK EASY DOES IT! DON'T LET YOUR NERVES GET YA!

LISTEN TO JOHNNIE, BOYS! HE KNOWS THE SCORE!

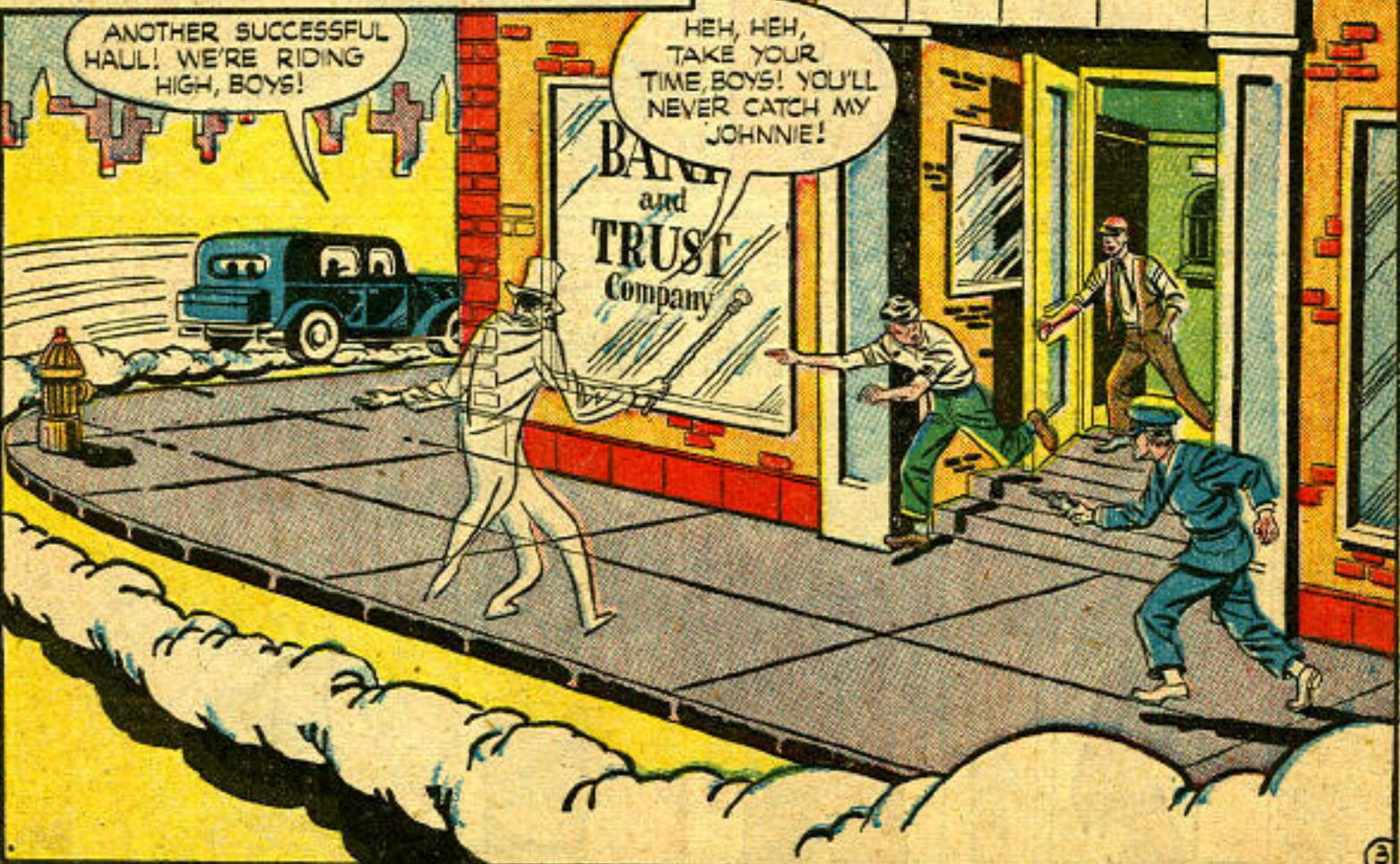
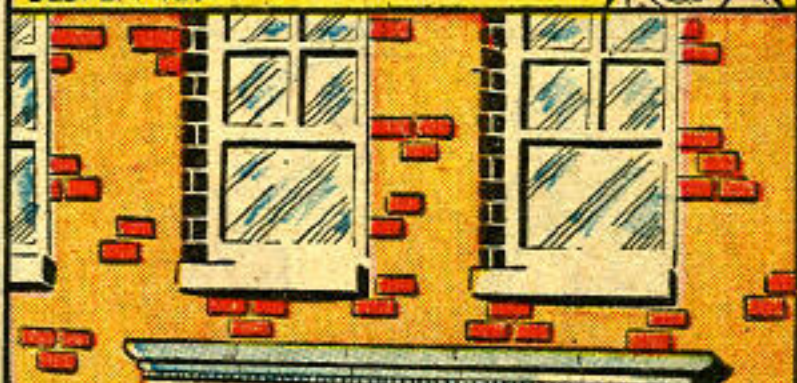


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"IN ACTION, DILLINGER'S MOB WORKED WITH COLD PRECISION!"



"THUS DID MY JOHNNIE TERRORIZE THE MIDDLE WEST WITH A FANTASTIC SERIES OF BANK ROBBERIES! HE WAS AS ELUSIVE AS THE FOUR WINDS AND AUTHORITIES WERE DESPERATE!"



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"HO, THE POLICE BEGAN A STATEWIDE SEARCH!"

"THE POLICE DRAGNET CLOSED TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, BUT JOHNNIE ALWAYS MANAGED TO ESCAPE!"

I WANT EVERY DIVE, GIN MILL AND ROOMING HOUSE INVESTIGATED! QUESTION EVERY KNOWN HOODLUM! DILLINGER HAS GOT TO BE TAKEN!

RIGHT, CHIEF!

HA, HA, WHAT DUMB SUCKERS THOSE COPS ARE!

HO, DON'T HURRY, JOHNNIE! THEY WON'T CATCH YOU!

UNDERWORLD CHARACTERS WERE QUESTIONED.

COME ON, SPEAK UP, SLIPPERY!

HONEST, CHIEF, I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'!

NAW, ME NEITHER! HE DON'T ASSOCIATE WID US!

THE HUNT WENT ON AND ON!

THERE'LL BE SOMETHING IN IT IF YOU TIP US OFF, JOEY!

LISTEN, COPPER,

FOR FOUR BITS I'D SQUEAL ON ME OWN MOTHER! THAT GUY'S TRICKY! HE DON'T SHOW HIS PUSS AROUND!

"BUT MY BOY HAD HIS SPIES!"

JOHNNIE, THE BULLS ARE FLOODING THE NEIGHBORHOOD ASKIN' EVERYONE QUESTIONS ABOUT YA!

YEAH?

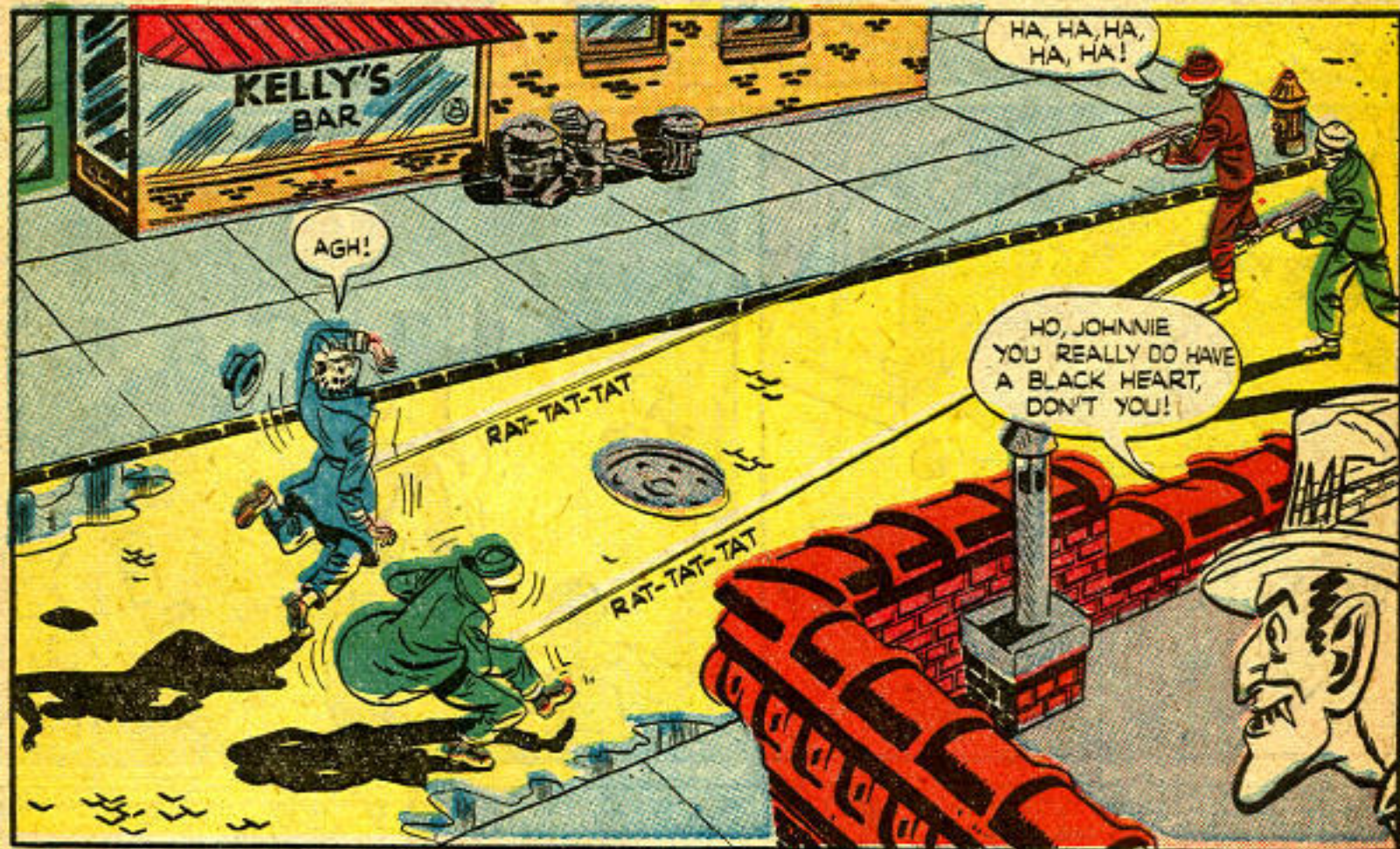
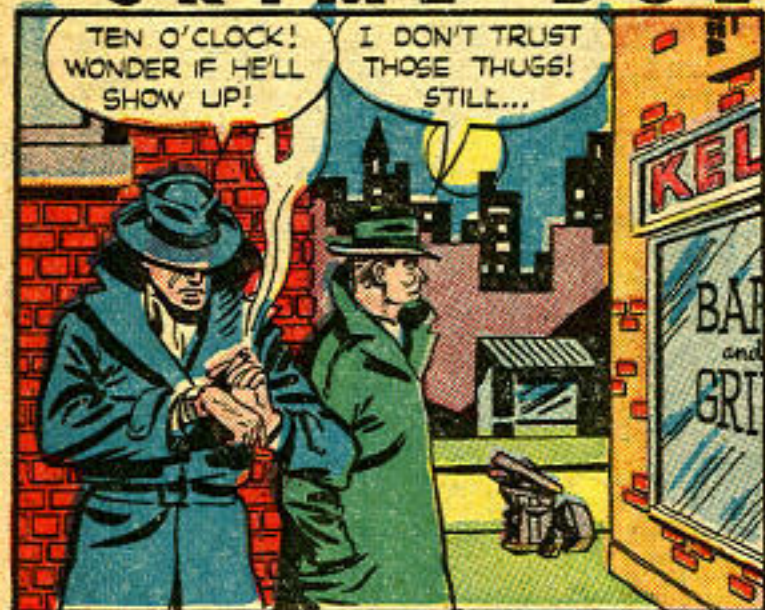
WE'LL GET THOSE GUYS! WE'LL PLAY A LITTLE STUNT ON 'EM! YOU TELL THE COPPERS THAT THEY CAN FIND ME AT KELLY'S BAR TOMORROW NIGHT!

YEAH, YEAH!

I DON'T KNOW MUCH BUT I HEARD SOME OF DA BOYS SAY DILLINGER WOULD BE AT KELLY'S TOMORROW NIGHT!

GOOD! NOW JUST BE QUIET ABOUT IT!

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"MEANWHILE, POLICE WERE TAKING NO CHANCES WITH MY PRIZE PUPIL!"

WHAT'S THIS...YA GONNA GIVE ME A JOY RIDE, BOYS?

THAT'S RIGHT!

WE'RE GIVING YOU A JOY RIDE RIGHT TO A STRONG JAIL IN CHICAGO, DILLINGER! NONE OF YOUR STRONG ARM PALS ARE GOING TO GET YOU LOOSE!

YOU GUYS ARE REALLY SCARED OF ME! HEH, HEH!



WHAT DO YOU MUGS THINK I'M GONNA DO... JUMP OUT AND FLY BACK? HA, HA...

SHUT UP...FOR MY MONEY WE SHOULD THROW YOU OUT!

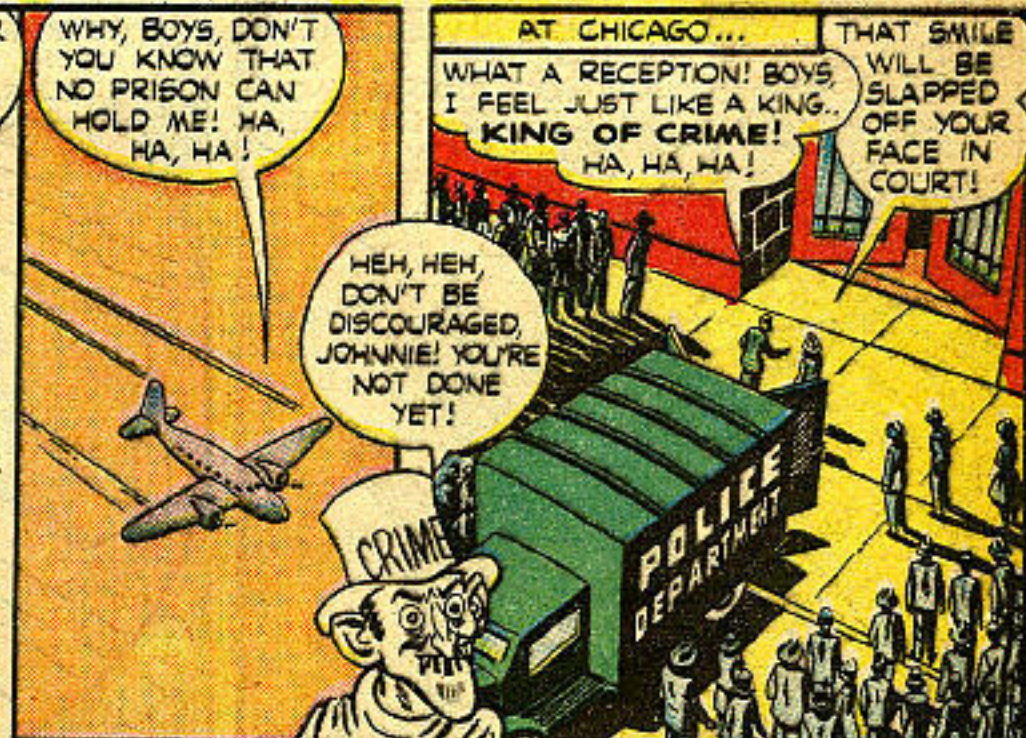
WHY, BOYS, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT NO PRISON CAN HOLD ME! HA, HA, HA!

AT CHICAGO...

WHAT A RECEPTION! BOYS, I FEEL JUST LIKE A KING... KING OF CRIME! HA, HA, HA!

THAT SMILE WILL BE SLAPPED OFF YOUR FACE IN COURT!

HEH, HEH, DON'T BE DISCOURAGED, JOHNNIE! YOU'RE NOT DONE YET!



DON'T FORGET TO RING IF YOU WANT ANYTHING!

I'LL BE WANTING SOMETHING VERY SOON!...A KEY OUTTA THIS PLACE--AND I'LL GET IT!

YEAH? I'VE HEARD THAT LINE BEFORE!



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DILLINGER'S DAYS IN PRISON PASSED!

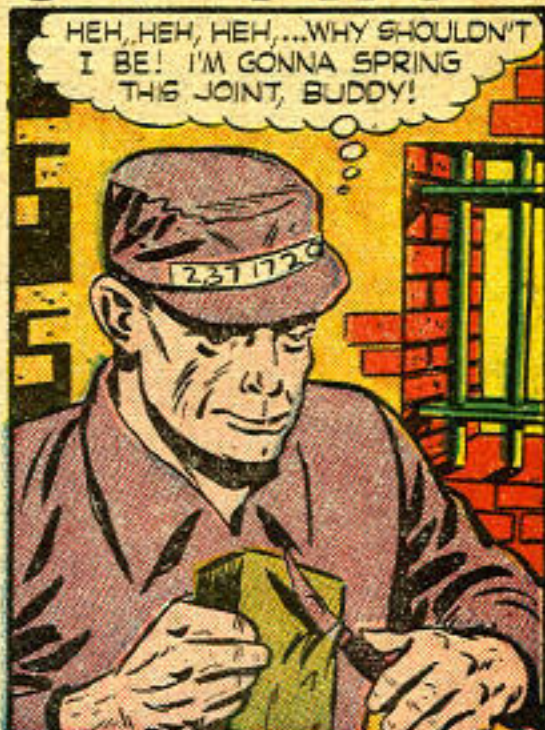
HEH, HEH!

...AND MY ACE KILLER WORE A GRAFTY SMILE!

FOR A GUY THAT'S GONNA LEAVE THIS WORLD, YOU SURE ACT HAPPY!

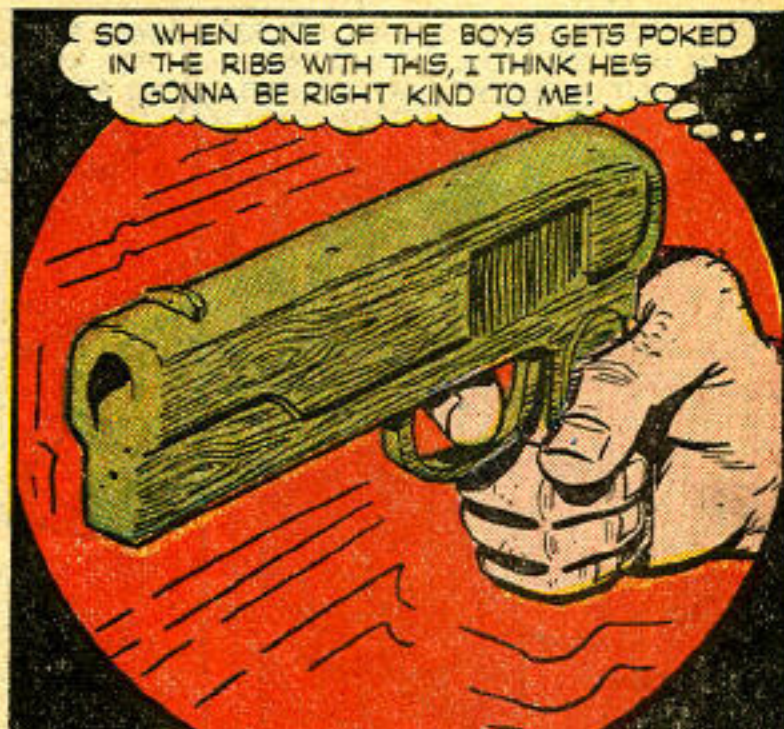
SURE I AM!

HEH, HEH, HEH, ...WHY SHOULDN'T I BE! I'M GONNA SPRING THIS JOINT, BUDDY!



SHE LOOKS ALMOST LIKE THE REAL THING! JUST A FEW MORE TOLCHES AND SHE'LL BE PERFECT! THOSE BULLS KNOW I WOULDN'T HESITATE TO USE A GAT!

SO WHEN ONE OF THE BOYS GETS POKED IN THE RIBS WITH THIS, I THINK HE'S GONNA BE RIGHT KIND TO ME!

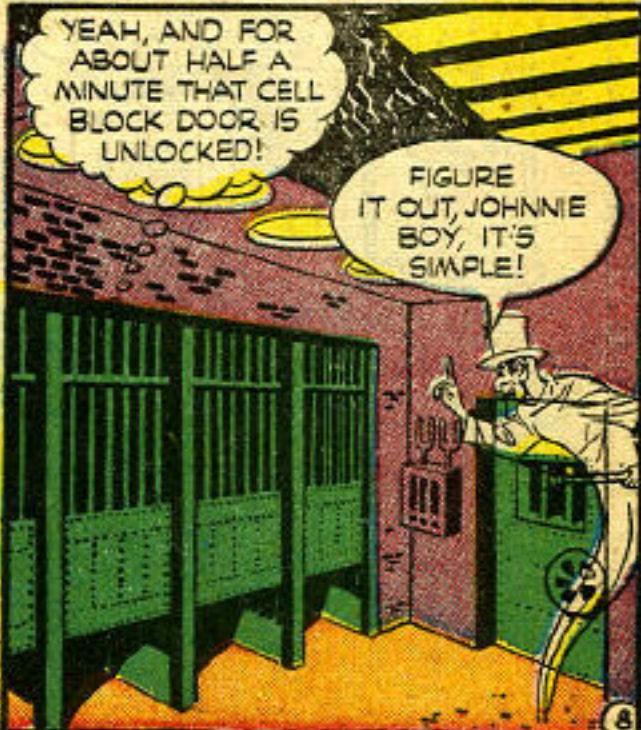


JOHNNIE BIDES HIS TIME. HE STUDIED THE PRISON ROUTINE.

THAT TRUSTY IS LET IN EVERY DAY FROM THE YARD AT THE SAME TIME...

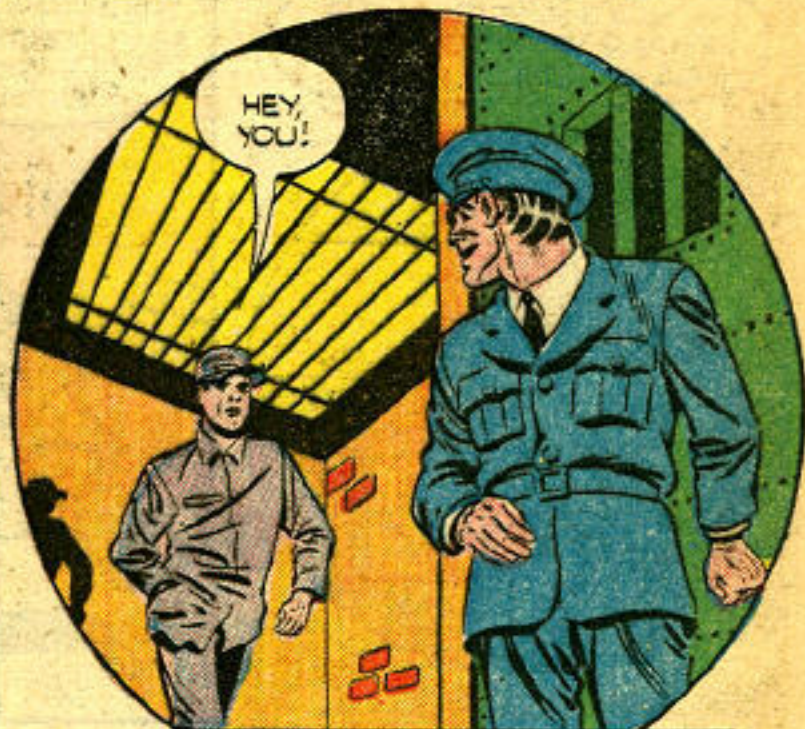
YEAH, AND FOR ABOUT HALF A MINUTE THAT CELL BLOCK DOOR IS UNLOCKED!

FIGURE IT OUT, JOHNNIE BOY, IT'S SIMPLE!



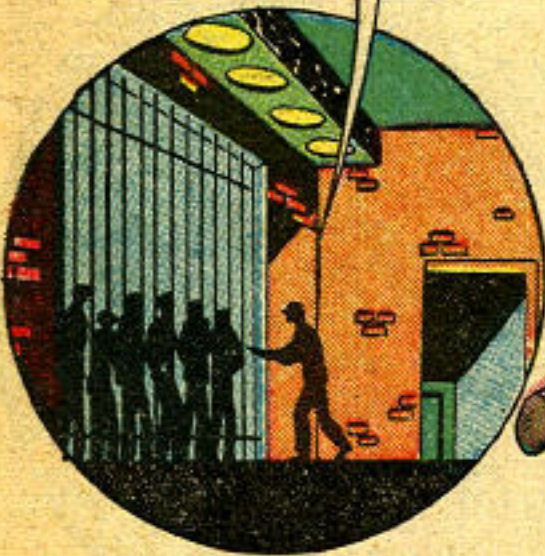
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"FOR SIXTY-TWO DAYS MY PUPIL WAS PATIENT—THEN..."



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AH, NOW I JUST TURN THE KEY AND YOU FELLERS ARE SNUG AS BUGS IN A RUG!



THE PATH WILL BE CLEAR RIGHT TO THE FRONT GATE!



WHAT A PUSHOVER! HA, HA, AND WITH A TOY GUN!



MEANWHILE...

SO HAVE YOU ALL GOT IT STRAIGHT! REMEMBER, I'M SMARTER THAN THAT BUM, DILLINGER! THAT'S WHY HE'S IN JAIL, NOT ME!

SURE, WE'LL DO THE JOBS YOUR WAY, REARDON!



WHY, THAT'S A VERY NICE SPEECH, REARDON!

SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS, JOHNNIE!

WHO SAID THAT?



D..DILLINGER!!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL!



LOOK, I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING! I WAS ONLY... ARRGGH...

EAT LEAD, YOU RAT!



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"HEH, HEH, TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS LATER, AUTHORITIES ONCE AGAIN WERE EXCITED!"



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THEN CAME THE BREAK... AT CHICAGO, A GIRL IN A RED DRESS TALKED FOR CASH!

JULY 22ND, 1934, JOHN DILLINGER, KILLER OF MEN AND A GIRL IN A RED DRESS TALKED FOR CASH! DOZENS OF LOCAL OFFICERS AND FBI MEN WERE WAITING FOR HIM.

"THE MONTHS PASSED! THE PUBLIC SCREAMED FOR ACTION BUT MY JOHNNIE WAS HARD TO FIND! YOU SEE, HE WORE A CLEVER DISGUISE!"



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THUS IT WAS THAT CHARLES BOHME PRESENTED HIS CALLING CARD... "AN INVITATION TO DEATH!"



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ON AND ON WENT CHARLES BOHME'S MAD RAMPAGE OF FIRE... SOON, NEARLY A HUNDRED FIRES HAD RAVAGED THE DISTRICT AND OFFICIALS WERE HELPLESS AGAINST IT!

BURN, FIRE, BURN!!
HA, HA, HA!!



40 50
70

90

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POLICE HEADQUARTERS WAS IN A STATE OF EMERGENCY.

I WANT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN PUT INTO ACTION! EVERY APARTMENT HOUSE AND STORE BLOCK MUST BE GUARDED!

RIGHT, CHIEF!



HOW ARE THOSE NEW ALARMS COMING?

FINE, CHIEF!



WE'VE GOT THIS ENTIRE DISTRICT COVERED WITH THOUSANDS OF ALARMS! HE'LL HAVE TO BE A PHANTOM TO SLIP THROUGH!

GOOD, AND KEEP THOSE APARTMENT HOUSE JANITORS ON THE ALERT! GOOD HEAVENS, WE'LL HAVE THE CITY ON OUR NECKS IF WE DON'T STOP THIS!



HUNDREDS OF PLAIN CLOTHES-MEN PATROLLED THE STREETS.

HE'S A DEVIL, BUT HE'LL SLIP UP SOONER OR LATER!

SURE, BUT HE'S ALREADY STARTED OVER A HUNDRED FIRES!



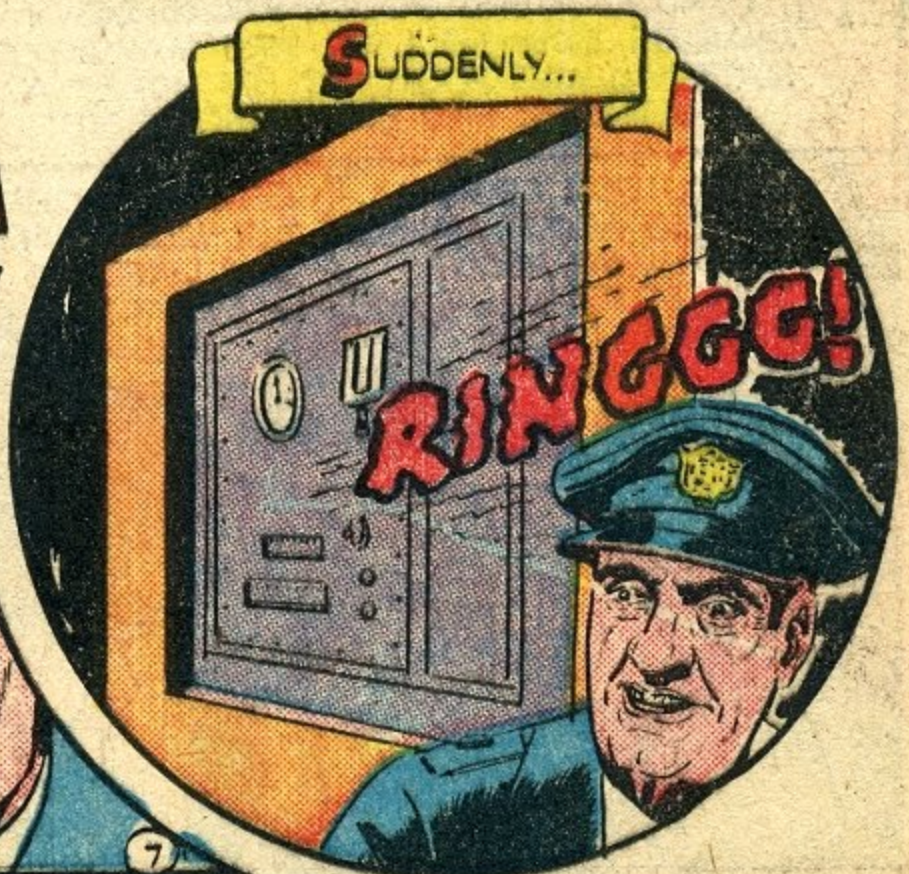
WELL, HE WON'T PULL ANYTHING IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!



AH, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE BADLY MISTAKEN!



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THAT DIRTY RAT— HE SURE DID A GOOD JOB THIS TIME— C/MON!

WAIT!



LET'S STAY A BIT AWAY AND KEEP OUR EYES OPEN!

THAT'S RIGHT... SEE ANYTHING?



I DON'T KNOW— SAY, ISN'T THAT SOMEONE CROUCHED BEHIND THAT BUSH THERE?

YEAH! LET'S NAB HIM!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MISTER—ENJOYING THE FIRE?

NO...I MEAN YES..I WAS JUST WATCHING!



WELL, YOU CAN TELL US JUST WHAT YOU SAW AT HEADQUARTERS!

IF EVER A GUY LOOKED SUSPICIOUS, HE'S IT!

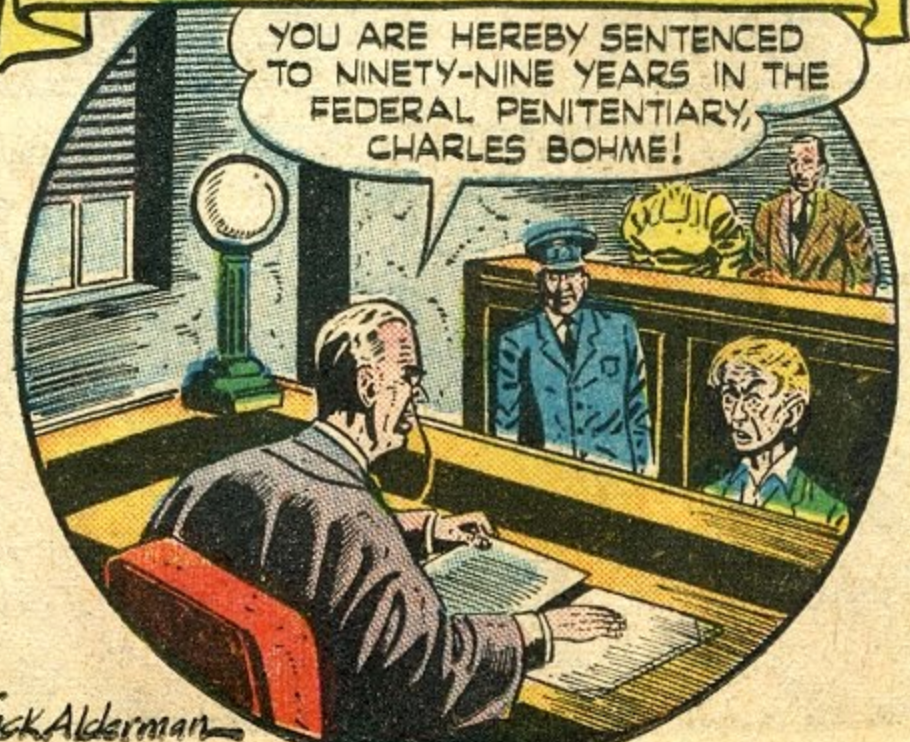
AT HEADQUARTERS POLICE BROKE DOWN CHARLES BOHME'S LIES. FIRE MAKING MATERIAL WAS FOUND AT HIS HOME—A MONSTER HAD BEEN DISCOVERED!

CHARLES BOHME LIKED TO SEE FIRES AND HE SAW TWO OF THEM IN THE EYES OF THE JUDGE WHEN HIS CASE CAME UP!



SO YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MAKING FIRES—WHAT ABOUT THIS STUFF WE FOUND IN YOUR HOUSE?

STOP! STOP! I..I WILL CONFESS! I..I LIKED TO SEE THE FIRES!



YOU ARE HEREBY SENTENCED TO NINETY-NINE YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY, CHARLES BOHME!

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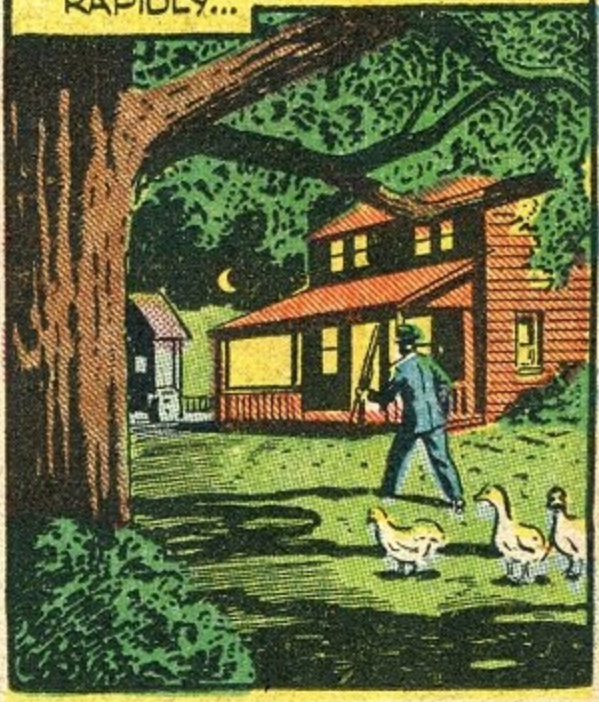


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HE'LL WISH TO HEAVEN HE'D NEVER SEEN RUTH AND SO WILL SHE!



IT WAS FOURTEEN MILES TO THE FARM BUT THE CRAZED ALLEN WALKED IT RAPIDLY...



I CAN HEAR THEIR VOICES! RUTH'S IN THE KITCHEN—I'LL GET HER...THEN RAYNOR!



HER BROTHER, GRADY—I'LL GET HIM FIRST! HE'LL NEVER TELL ON ME!



OH, DEAR! DEAR! I'LL GET A DOCTOR AND THE POLICE! WAIT HERE, RUTH!



THEN ALLEN RUSHED IN...BY THE SIDE DOOR...

PLEASE! PLEASE! ALLEN! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

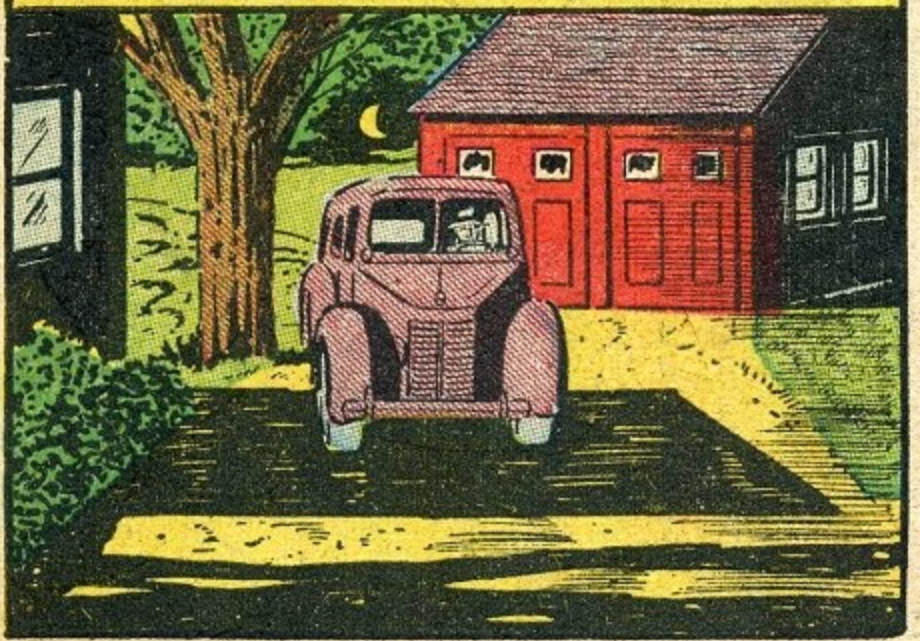
NO, MY LOVE BUT YOU WILL BE OUT OF A LIFE VERY SOON!



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UNKNOWN TO ALLEN, AS HE SPED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY THAT NIGHT WAS THE FACT THAT HE WAS LEAVING A TELL TALE CLUE BEHIND HIM.



FOR SOME TIME LATER WHEN TWO SHERIFFS, SUMMONED BY RUTH'S MOTHER, ARRIVED ON THE SCENE.

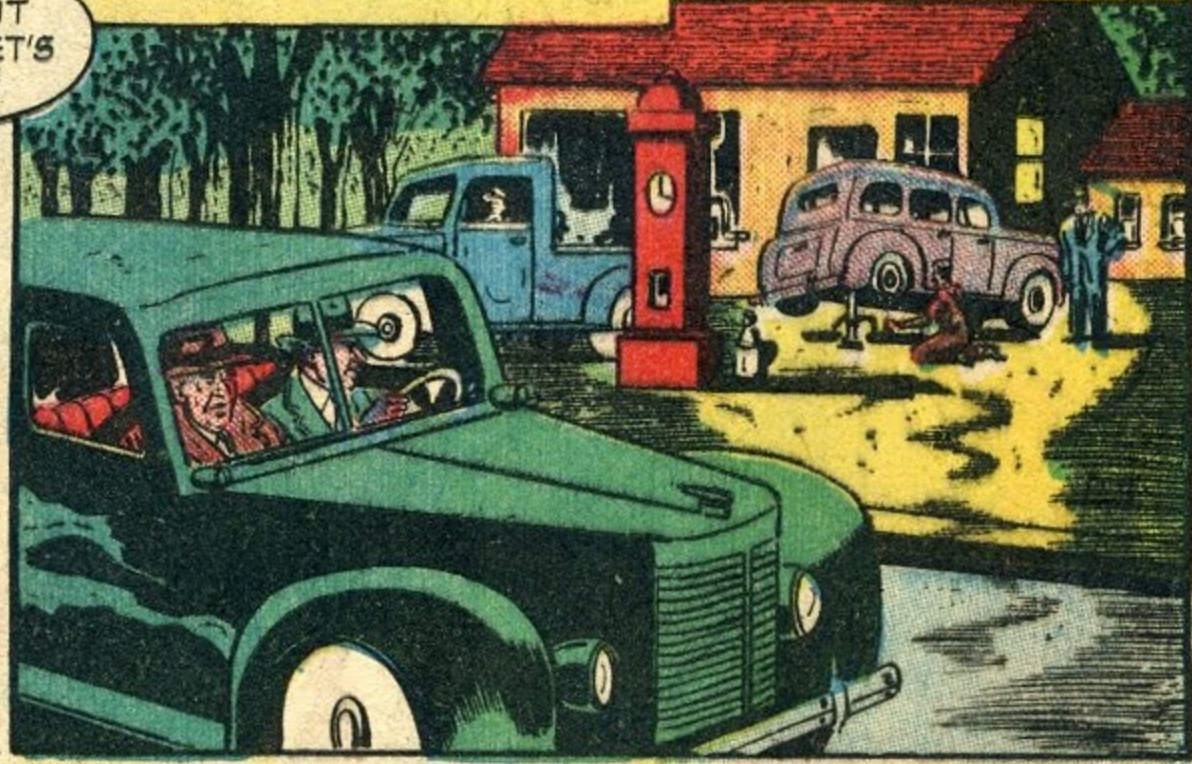


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SEE THERE! THAT TREAD MARK IS MUCH TOO BROAD! THAT MEANS THE TIRE WAS ALMOST FLAT!

I GET IT! ALLEN WON'T BE ABLE TO GO FAR WITHOUT CHANGING IT! LET'S GET STARTED!

AT THIS POINT AN AMAZING BIT OF LUCK PLAYED INTO THE HANDS OF THE LAW—FOR NOT THREE MILES DOWN THE ROAD...



WHAT LUCK! THAT'S THE CAR!

AND THAT'S ALLEN ALL RIGHT!

I'D BETTER TAKE HIM ALONE! LESS NOISE!

RIGHT!

HUH?



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER, ALLEN! CALM DOWN OR WE'LL HAVE TO GET TOUGH!

GET THESE OFFA ME OR I'LL @@XX!!XX@

THROUGHOUT THE TRIAL HERMAN ALLEN REFUSED TO ADMIT HIS GUILT!

I DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

BUT THE LAW WAS NOT TO BE FOOLED... ON OCTOBER 30, 1942, THE BRUTAL KILLER OF THREE PAID FOR HIS CRIME IN THE LETHAL GAS CHAMBER.



Jack Alderman

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YOU'RE CUTE, CARLOS, BUT YOU HAVE NO MONEY, WHILE MERTON HAS MILLIONS! TOO BAD, DARLING!

BUT I HAVE MONEY, GLORIA! HOW OFTEN MUST I TELL YOU THAT IF YOU MARRY ME, I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING!



THE ONLY THING YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF, SIMON, IS FAT—AND FAT I DON'T WANT! HA, HA!

SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR LAUGHING AT ME, GLORIA!



AREN'T YOU LUCKY I DON'T WANT TO MARRY YOU, GLORIA? IF I WERE A MAN I WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE WORST FEMALE HAM ON BROADWAY!

YOU'RE ANGRY AND JEALOUS BECAUSE MY SUPERIOR ACTING WON ME YOUR PART IN MERTON'S PLAY! YOU'RE A ROTTEN HAS-BEEN, CLAIRE!



TCH, TCH, SUCH CATTINESS, SUCH NAME-CALLING! MAY I QUOTE EVERYBODY IN TOMORROW'S PAPER?

IF YOU DO, I'LL KNOCK YOUR STUPID BLOCK OFF, GET ME?



MR. DONNE WAS ONLY ASKING A ROUTINE QUESTION, GLORIA! DON'T UPSET YOURSELF ON YOUR WEDDING EVE!

I'LL UPSET HIM, THAT'S WHAT, IF HE ACTS SMART—I WON'T LET A NEWSPAPER PUNK CALL ME NAMES IN THE SCANDAL SHEET!



SUDDENLY...

OH-H-H!

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! LET'S DRINK TO GLORIA'S HAPPINESS—LONG MAY SHE LIVE!

HOW LONG—THAT'S THE QUESTION!



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GLORIA'S FAINTED!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, I'M AFRAID!

LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEEN POISONED!



GLORIA IS DEAD! SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM KILLED HER!



THE POINT IS—WHO?

SIMON SIMPKINE KILLED HER! HE SAID HE WOULD! HE WAS MAD WITH JEALOUSY! EVERYBODY HEARD HIM THREATEN GLORIA!

WHY, YOU...



STOP, YOU LUNATIC! WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER MURDER ON OUR HANDS!

LOOK, A BOTTLE DROPPED OUT OF CARLOS' POCKET!



ANSWER THIS, CARLOS—WHAT IS A BOTTLE OF CYANIDE DOING IN YOUR POCKET?

I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

A LIKELY STORY! CARLOS KILLED GLORIA BECAUSE HE LOVED HER TOO MUCH TO LET HER MARRY ME!



YOU'RE NOT SO INNOCENT YOURSELF, MERTON CRANKER! AS GLORIA LAROSE'S SECRETARY, I HAPPEN TO KNOW SHE WAS BLACKMAILING YOU INTO MARRIAGE BECAUSE YOU WROTE THESE LOVE LETTERS TO HER! YOU FEARED A BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT!

GIVE ME THOSE LETTERS!

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SO THAT'S WHY THE GREAT CRANKER GAVE MY PART TO GLORIA!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, CLAIRE! YOU MIGHT HAVE KILLED GLORIA BECAUSE YOU WERE JEALOUS OVER HER SUCCESS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN - I KILLED HER? ANY ONE OF US COULD'VE KILLED HER! WE ALL HAD GOOD REASONS FOR KILLING GLORIA! EVERYBODY HATED HER!

FUNNY—I CAN'T SMELL ANY POISON IN GLORIA'S GLASS!

THAT PROVES NOTHING EXCEPT THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A SENSE OF SMELL!

SNIFF

THERE'S THE MAN WHO POISONED GLORIA—CARLOS! DIDN'T WE FIND A CYANIDE BOTTLE IN HIS POCKET?

SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE WHILE I GRAB HIM!

NOBODY'S GOING TO HANG A MURDER RAP ON ME! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, IF YOU LIKE LIVING!

HE MUST'VE KILLED HER! ELSE WHY DOES HE CARRY SO MANY WEAPONS?

D..DON'T SHOOT!

I WANT POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER...

SO YOU CALLED THE POLICE, EH?

BANG

YEOW!

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I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! DON'T ANYBODY STOP ME OR ELSE...

I CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE! I'LL JUST...



...THROW A BLOCK AT HIM!

STOP, YOU FOOL! I'LL KILL...

BANG BANG



HOORAY FOR THE NEWSPAPER-MAN! HE'S CAUGHT THE MURDERER!

NO, HE HASN'T! HE'S CAUGHT A RED HERRING!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? ISN'T CARLOS THE MURDERER?

OF COURSE NOT! HE WAS RUNNING OUT ON US BECAUSE HE THOUGHT SOMEBODY WAS PINNING THE MURDER ON HIM!



AND SOMEBODY WAS! SOMEBODY PLANTED THE POISON IN CARLOS' POCKET TO MAKE HIM LOOK GUILTY!

I KNOW ALL THAT! BUT WHO PLANTED THE POISON ON ME AND WHO KILLED GLORIA?



ONE OF THE PEOPLE STANDING BEFORE ME!

DO YOU KNOW **WHO DUNNIT** TURN THE PAGE AND FIND OUT HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE YOU ARE!



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ANITA ARNOLD, GLORIA'S SECRETARY, KILLED MISS LAROSE!

HOW DARE YOU! I WASN'T EVEN CLOSE TO GLORIA WHEN SHE DRANK THAT POISONED COCKTAIL!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE TO KILL GLORIA! SHE WASN'T POISONED BY A DRINK BUT BY A POISONED NEEDLE FIRED FROM YOUR CIGARETTE HOLDER! I SUSPECTED YOU THE MOMENT I NOTICED THAT NO SMOKE CAME FROM IT!

YOU'VE SPOKEN YOUR LAST WORDS, DONNE!

I MAY AS WELL BE HANGED FOR TWO MURDERS AS WELL AS ONE!

THIS'LL COME IN HANDY!

PWUIT!

A PERFECT DEMONSTRATION, ANITA, OF HOW YOU KILLED GLORIA, EXCEPT HER NECK RECEIVED THE TINY POISONED NEEDLE INSTEAD OF THIS PILLOW!

YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE IS A NEEDLE IN GLORIA'S THROAT! HERE IT IS!

BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY SHE DID IT? WHAT WAS HER MOTIVE?

SUPPOSE YOU TELL US THAT, ANITA?

I HATED HER, BECAUSE SHE WAS MARRYING THE MAN I LOVED — MERTON CRANKER! I WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO, FOR IGNORING ME ALL THESE YEARS!

Y..YOU WOULD??

YOU BET I WOULD! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NOBODY WILL!

G..GOSH, IT'S A GOOD THING THEY'LL PUT YOU IN JAIL WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE!

YESSIR! WOMEN SURE ARE STRANGE...HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? I WANT TO REPORT A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER...SLIGHTLY SOLVED!

The End